Contributed to The American Journal of Urology and Sexology.

THE GIRL-BOY'S SUICIDE.

By "Ralph Werther—Jennie June."

IN the kitchen of a prosperous and refined household of a New England mill town, a flaxen-haired three-year old boy is sobbing as if his heart had been broken. His mother is busy canning half-ripe plums, and he has repeatedly removed one from the basket, and holding it in his mouth, sucked on it, since it was too hard and sour to eat. Repeated scoldings had not sufficed to stop his unesthetic reaction to the fruit, and resort had finally to be made to several hard slaps. The boy has thrown himself full length on the floor, face downward. After sobbing there for a few minutes, he bangs his forehead several times violently against the bare boards and exclaims: "Muvver, I wish I was dead!" * * * *

A six-year old flaxen-haired boy is seated in the village school. He is suffering from the uncomfortable sensation that is induced by an overfull bladder. All other boys, long before that stage was reached, would have raised the hand and asked to leave the room. But our flaxen-haired boy, having always—since he was able to reflect—felt himself to be a girl, could not think of entering a comfort room exclusively meant for and frequented by "rough boys"—as he regarded them.

Soon it became necessary for him to concentrate all his will power on holding the sphincter vesicæ tight shut, while he wagged his little legs back and forth. He of course realized that it would be a most disgraceful thing to dampen his clothing and the schoolroom floor. But the horror of entering a chamber restricted to boys exclusively was even greater than the dread of the disgrace in question. Besides he hoped to the last minute to win out. But notwithstanding his extreme concentration of will on the one constriction, a few drops every few seconds exuded, and finally everything gave way, entirely against his will and much to his shame. One can not dam Niagara.

The other boys enjoyed a good laugh at his expense, while his own face was as red as a beet, his features convulsed, and tears hardly kept back. He was unable to say a word when the teacher, after gently asking why he had not requested to leave the room, sent him home to change his clothes.

This experience taught the flaxen-haired a lesson, and persuaded him thereafter to frequent the chamber "for boys only"

as a *last* resort. But his shame forbade his ever sitting down there. Some of the boys, that is, the more exuberant in animal spirits, when they happened to encounter him there, insulted him by improper requests and exhibitions. This was at first embarrassing, but he finally became hardened, and even sometimes granted their requests, especially when persuaded by a stick of candy.****

A year later the flaxen-haired happened, in the schoolroom, to share the rear seat in one of the rows of desks with one of the two boys in the room whom he regarded as the most beautiful. By the way—after the flaxen-haired got covered up in his crib at night, he would, until he fell asleep, be always thinking of one after another of his most vigorous and goodlooking schoolmates, while continually sucking one of his fingers. He actually adored his seatmate. The latter's hair appeared soft and radiant to him. He was constrained to liken the skin of his face to an unusually beautiful specimen of a peach. His body and limbs impressed him by their sturdiness and perfection of form.

While the flaxen-haired and his seatmate were both seven years of age, the latter was a head taller, and larger in every way. Indeed at the tailor's, the flaxen-haired was always fitted out with a suit meant for a boy two years younger. Because of his extraordinary diminutiveness, people were wont to remark that they believed he would never grow up to adult stature.

In school—because they sat on the rear seat and the teacher was nearsighted—the flaxen-haired and his seatmate would sometimes kiss each other. But on one occasion, the flaxen-haired got down on his knees under the desk. Attracted by the unusual sounds, the boys in the seat directly in front turned around, and one of them immediately was moved to run up and tell the teacher the astounding news.

The flaxen-haired and his seatmate were summoned before the teacher's desk, bade to hold out their palms, and each received several sharp raps with the ruler. The seatmate received his punishment bravely, and returned to his desk with a cynical smile on his face. But for a half-hour, the flaxen-haired wept silently—more over the shame than the pain.

The lady teacher thought the flaxen-haired boy's parents ought to be warned of their son's unspeakable depravity, and so sent the mother a note by another child. The mother said nothing. But the father, who happened not to come home until after the boy had gone to bed, rushed thither, in his hand a boot, which he

had just taken off. Violently incensed on hearing of his son's utter depravity, he hammered him over the body and limbs with the heel of the boot, not caring where the blows happened to fall. * * * *

It is winter, and a score of children, a nine-year old flaxen-haired boy among them, are coasting on a hill. All the boys, except the flaxen-haired, coast in the usual boy fashion, "belly-flops." That is, at the top of the hill, they pick up their sled, hold it against the body, run a dozen feet to better their start, and then flop down on the sled. This was a feat too strenuous and demanding too much vigor for the soft-muscled and timid members of the gentle sex. They—as well as the flaxen-haired boy, who had always been able to lay claim only to the physical and psychical softness of the gentle sex—always sat upright on their sleds. Furthermore, as the children mounted the hill for another coast, the flaxen-haired boy kept for the most part with the girls.

Because they were impressed by the idiosyncrasy, the other boys were especially moved to tease him occasionally. They would take particular pains to wash his face with snow now and then —an act of which, with this one exception, they thought of making only the girls the victims. Moreover, they would only toss loose snow at him, as they did at the girls, in contrast to their throwing packed snowballs when they wished to tease or aggravate one another. Sometimes as they passed him, they would call out in mingled jest, pity, and scorn: "Girlboy!" "Sissie!" These names humiliated him deeply.

After a while, tired of coasting, the children separate into two groups, and in a vacant lot start building two opposing snow forts about fifty feet apart. Then they get ready a large number of snowballs, after which all the boys, excepting the flaxen-haired alone, take their stand behind the two snow ramparts, where they run the risk of being hit in the breast or face, and steadily throw snowballs at their opponents. The girls keep down below the top of the ramparts where there is no possibility of being hit, while their fingers fairly fly packing snowballs. The flaxen-haired boy does likewise, the eternal impropriety of such conduct on his part not occurring to him. But one of the girls cries out: "Why are you not up there with the boys throwing the snowballs instead of being down here with us!"

That night, after he got to bed, he was unable to exclude

from his thoughts the girl playmate's remark. Why was it that he was not taking a boy's place in life instead of a girl's? Why did he sit upright when coasting, whereas every boy besides himself went down hill "belly-flops?" Why had he repeatedly told his playmates to call him by a girl's name rather than by that his parents had had him christened with? Why did he love to dress up occasionally in the "toggery" of a girl playmate? For the first time in his life the suspicion enters his mind that he must be a girl entombed in the body of a boy! He bemoans the fact that he had been born a boy. How could he ever face manhood? Would he have to go and vote, like his father? How he shrank from the thought of going to the polls amid a crowd of men! And what would he do when whiskers grew on his face? "Before they can," he meditated, "I will kill myself!"

"How terrible," he further reflected, "to have a penis! Couldn't I just steal away papa's razor for a few minutes, and cut it off, so as to bring my body more into the shape of that of my girl friends? A razor ought to be sharp enough to do the job. O God, change my body this minute by a miracle, and turn me into a girl!" he repeatedly implored his Creator.

It must be said that his primary aim in praying to be changed into a physical girl was that he might thus be enabled to give his more lusty boy friends the reception that he knew one or two of the girls of his set gave them. Being on one occasion confident that his wholesouled, agonizing petition would be granted by a benign Heavenly Father—he was by the way a very religious boy—he actually reached down his hand, expecting to find that his prayer had been miraculously answered. * * * *

It is a warm summer afternoon two-and-a-half years later. The girlboy, now eleven years of age, accompanies two brothers along the bank of a small creek just outside the village, on the way to the swimming pool. At one point at which some factory hands had frequent occasion to cross and where there was no bridge, they had carefully set a row of large stepping stones across the bed of the creek. No ordinary individual would hesitate to trot across, and the two brothers did it several times just for sport. But the girlboy had not even the courage to set foot on the first stone.

Arrived at the swimming-hole, the two brothers stripped and dived in, where a dozen boys were already swimming about. But the girlboy liked only to recline on the bank and watch the other

boys. Their naked forms had a powerful fascination. They all knew him, and—as already stated—looked upon him as an oddity. On this occasion for the first time it entered the head of one of them—just for a joke—to strip him naked and give him a ducking. The two brothers acquiesced, since they thought it would contribute toward "making a man out of him."

Several simultaneously set upon him and accomplished their purpose. Incidentally he was made the victim of manustupration for a few seconds, (of which, on himself, he had always entertained the utmost horror, although fascinated the few times he had witnessed other boys, being filled with an intense desire to be their agent, as well as for the satisfaction of his infantile feeding instinct). He was terrified, struggled with all his might, and screamed as if they were murdering him. When released from their grip, he hurriedly dressed and ran home, alone, in terror.

His chagrin at having had his nakedness exposed and being made the victim of a few seconds' manustupration, together with the taunts of the boys at his cowardice and lack of manliness, induced such despondency as he had never before experienced. He was plunged into despair, and his head was drooping in shame. With an intense impulse for self-destruction possessing him, he went, on reaching home, immediately into the cellar, where he knew was to be found a bottle of rat poison. The large dose swallowed nearly rendered vain the subsequent efforts of the physician to save the girlboy's life. * * * *

Hitherto almost no one has been able to feel any sympathy for the congenital sexual inverts. Nevertheless, no other class of human beings has such a burden of melancholia to bear. Thousands of them are driven to suicide out of every generation, and yet the world is unmoved by their sorrows. Every other human creature, when in sorrow and trouble, receives comfort from his fellows, but mankind heaps sorrow and sorrow upon the head of the already despairing invert. Even his own family turn their backs on him and disown him.

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SADISTIC TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

I.

A Fiendish Teacher.

An instance of a Sadistic teacher and educator is that of Andreas Dippold, tutor, and student of jurisprudence whom the